

H 1251
Bronckside

Southern Song of Liberty.

1.

On! on! to the just and glorious strife
With your swords your freedom shielding;
Nay resign if it must be even life,
But die at last unyielding.

2.

On to the strife, for 'twere far more meet
To sink with the foes who bay you,
Than crouch like dogs at Lincoln's feet,
And smile on the swords that slay you.

3.

Shall the Northern hordes be masters then
Of the land which your fathers gave you?
Shall Lincoln's dogs lord it o'er brave men
When your own good swords may save you?

4.

No; let them feel that your arms are strong,
That your courage will fail you never;
You strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame forever.

5.

Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might
Against liberty's sword contending:
And find how Southern men can fight
Their freedom and land defending.

6.

Then on! then on! to the glorious strife
With your swords your country shielding;
And resign if it must be even life,
But die at last unyielding.

7.

Strike! for the sires who left you free,
Strike! for their sakes who bore you:
Strike! for your homes and liberty,
And the heaven you worship o'er you.